





# STUDENT'S PEN

VOL. XVI

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NO 3

## STUDENT'S PEN STAFF

1935—1936

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## CHALLENGE

### CLASS ODE OF 1936

We, like valiant knights of history's fame,  
Accept the challenge of our youth's bright  
dreams,  
The vision of our goal a beck'ning flame  
To mark the lofty heights where vict'ry gleams.

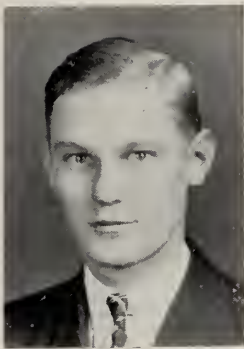
Ever onward, farther up we climb,  
With eager hearts to reach the summit high,  
Our courage strong to gain the goal sublime  
As yet a promise blazoned in the sky.

When at last we reach the mountain's height  
And face the sunrise glowing rosy red,  
We know at last, the Holy Grail in sight,  
Youth sees no Death, but only Life ahead!

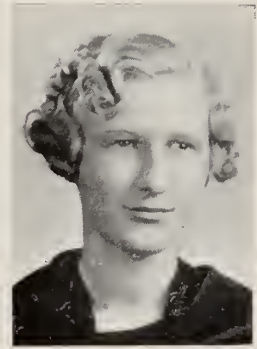
Martha A. MacDonald, Senior.

## Statistics of Class of 1936

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RAYMOND ANDERSON "Ray"  
Class President 3; Pen Staff 4; Salutatorian 4.  
Not just salutatorian,  
But our teacher says  
That our Ramie surely is  
The Senior's best historian.



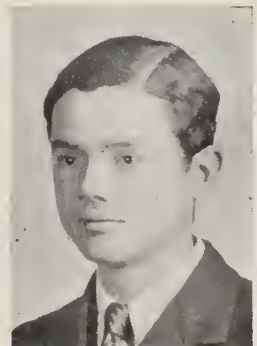
RITA ANDERSON "Reet"  
French Club 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2; Glee  
Club 2; Pen Staff 3, 4; Book Club 3.

What can we say about Rita?—Excellent student, interesting contributor to the "Pen," a good natured, always carefree and happy girl with platinum blonde hair—and can she play basketball!



CHARLES BEALS "Charlie," "Bealsie"  
Class Treasurer 4; Book Club 3.

Bealsie—class treasurer, class I-don't-knower, class truck rider, class asparagus picker, and class tent sleeper.



GEORGE BEALS "Georgie"  
Book Club 3.

"Georgie" is the class quiet boy. We could all take a few lessons from him on good classroom behavior, and where did he get those nice red cheeks? He must eat nothing but carrots.



CLAYTON CAMPBELL "Soup"  
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2;  
Class President 2; Glee Club 2, 3; Senior Play  
Cast 4; Band 2, 3, 4.

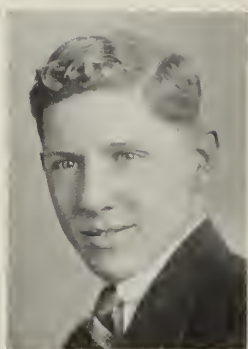
Soupie's been a doctor,  
French hornist, great athlete,  
But more than that, he's noted for  
Being the Senior sheik.



CHARLES CHEMENIAN "Charlie"  
Basketball 4; Glee Club 3; Pen Staff, Business  
Manager 4.

Charlie is one of the most capable seniors; besides having been an excellent prop boy during the play, and playing on the varsity basketball team, he is the first rate business manager of the "Pen"!





WINSTON CHURCHILL

"Winnie"

Basketball 4; Baseball 3, 4.

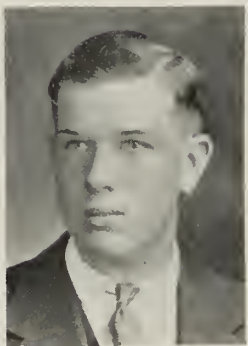
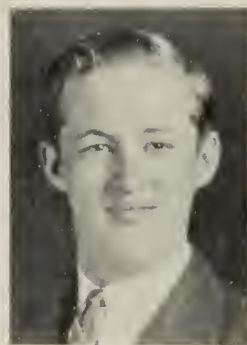
Winnie is one of the class cut ups. Wherever he is, there is sure to be plenty of fun and excitement. His perpetual affability has given him a host of loyal friends.

DANIEL CURLEY

"Dan"

Baseball 3, 4; Book Club 3; Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast; Valedictorian.

There is no ban  
To the wit of Dan  
Who also has knowledge galore  
His ambitions are sown  
To heights unknown  
And he'll reach his goal, what's more.



ERNEST DEWHURST

"Ernie"

Senior Play Cast 4.

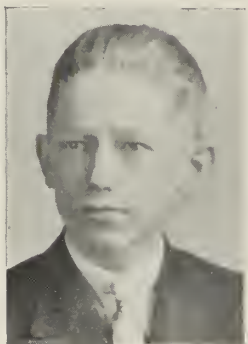
He certainly is a dapper young man  
Who is always scooting in his tin-pan,  
Dragging many girls around  
Most of whom habitate the town.

FRANCES DRUKENBROD

"Frannie"

Glee Club 2, 3; Basketball 2, 4.

Frannie is rather mysterious;  
Why does she always stay clear of us?  
At our Class Play, there was a delay  
Because her "friend" did not obey.



JAMES HORNSTRA

"Jimmie"

Class Vice-President 3, 4; Book Club Treasurer 3.

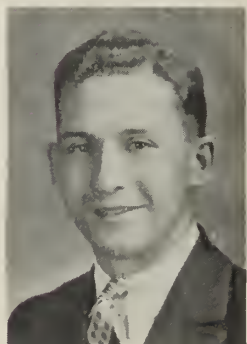
Jimmie's always ready,  
With an ever present smile  
Has it ever left him,  
For just a little while?

WAYNE JONES

"Jonsey"

Basketball 2, Captain 3, Co-Captain 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Football 2; Glee Club 2, 3; Senior Play Cast 4; All Tournament Team 4.

Keen actor, great athlete, smooth dancer, and a swell fellow,—no wonder Jonsey is so popular!! He got plenty of practice bringing up daughters in the Class Play, m-m-m-m-M-M-M-M!!!



MARY KINGMAN

French Club 3; Class Secretary 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Book Club 3.

Our bien jolie, petite Marie  
How can she help but a jewel be?  
Without her skill and mastery  
Who would be our secret'ry?

PHYLLIS KINGMAN

"Phida"

French Club 3; Glee Club 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; President, Book Club 3.

Twitter, twitter, twitter  
Here comes Phida  
Always full of pep and vigor  
Always on the go  
Twitter, twitter, twitter  
That's our Phida.





ELIZABETH KINGSTON "Tish"  
French Club 3; Book Club, Secretary 3; Tennis 2;  
Basketball, Co-manager 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Pen  
Staff 3, 4; 4-H Club 2, 3.

Very efficient our Tishie is,  
Very efficient she'll always be.  
A cap and gown adorning her  
Someday we sincerely hope to see.



DOROTHY LINDQUIST "Dot"  
Glee Club 2, 3; Book Club 3.

A quiet air,  
A certain flare  
She hits the spot  
That's Dot.



EMILY MARVILL "Em"  
French Club 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3;  
Treasurer 3; Pen Staff 3, 4; 4-H Club 2; Book  
Club, Vice-President 3.

In her cheeks a rosy hue  
In her eyes a sweetness glows  
Emily quite unaware  
Looks mighty like a rose.



ARLENE ROBICHAUD

Play Cast 4; 4-H Club 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3.

Arlene is quiet and shy, has a nice disposition  
and aspires to be a dietitian.



MARTHA MacDONALD "Mac" or "Mart"  
Tennis 2; Glee Club 2, 3; Vice-President A. A.;  
Secretary 4; Pen Staff 2, 3; Senior Play Cast;  
Band 2, 3, 4; Band Secretary-Treasurer 4;  
Orchestra 3, 4.

About the chairman of the play committee  
Not enough can be said in this little ditty  
But that's not all, she can also rate  
With any pianist in the state.



LOUISE MacPHERSON "Mac"

"Ish biddle de oten doten  
Bo Bo bardeeten darten. What arts?"

Glee Club 2, 3; Pen Staff 3, 4; Co-editor 4.

She is a very shy, modest, literary girl and she  
makes a wonderful co-editor for the "Student's  
Pen."



FLORENCE MALAGUTI "Flossie"  
Glee Club 2, 3; 4-H Club 2, 3.

Little giggles,  
Rippling laughter,  
Lots of talking,  
That's what little Flossie's made of.



MARGARET MANDEVILLE "Margie"  
Tennis 2; Glee Club 2, 3; Pen Staff 4; 4-H Club  
2, 3; Press Correspondent.

Margaret's always on the go,  
Where to no one seems to know,  
But dances are her main attraction  
Where she trots to her satisfaction.



RUTH NUTE

"Ruthie"

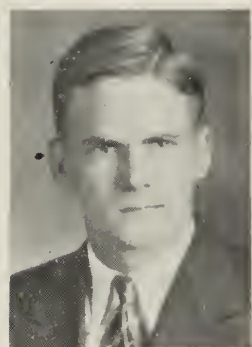
Glee Club 2, 3; Pen Staff 4; 4-H Club 2, 3.

Ruth sure is popular,  
To that we all agree,  
For wherever you find Ruthie  
A crowd is sure to be.

GENEVA POLLARD

Glee Club 2, 3; Pen Staff 4.

A whizz at typewriting, a very good sport, a  
pleasing personality, and as an excellent property  
manager she took care of thermometers, smell-  
ing-salts, lost shirts and raincoats.



ROBERT ROLLINS

"Bobby"

Tennis 2; Basketball Manager 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4.

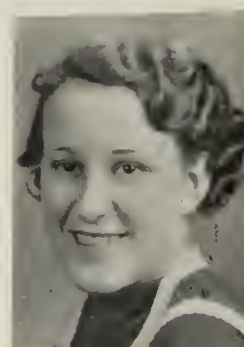
Bobby is quiet, yet full of fun,  
And when his College work is done,  
He'll be manager of a baseball team,  
As well as the answer to some girl's dream.

REGINA SACCOCIA

"Gina"

Glee Club President 2, 3; Athletic Association  
Treasurer 4; 4-H Club 2; Vice-President 3.

A girl with a fine personality,  
Can it be her nationality?  
For "Gina" can dance, cook and sew,  
And a better sport you'll never know.



BARBARA SLATTERY

"Babs"

Hither, yon and back again  
Babs, where have you been?  
In art may you have success,  
As you did as our Class Duchess.

VIRGINIA SMITH

"Ginnie"

Wanted, A quiet sophisticated typist.

No other one could fill the position  
As Virginia, the girl with a nice dis-  
position.



CONSTANCE STICKNEY

"Connie"

Glee Club 2, 3; 4-H Club 2; Tennis 2; Basketball  
2, 3, 4; Senior Play Cast 4; French Club 3; Pen  
Staff 2, 3, 4; Book Club 3.

Eyes that know just how to roll,  
Keeps the "boy friend" all aglow,  
But to college she will go,  
And there will play a leading role.

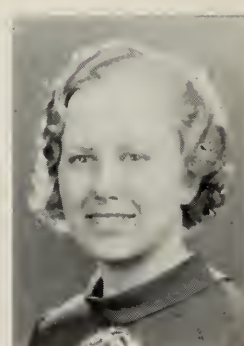


MARY USOWICZ

"Johnnie"

Basketball 2, 4; Glee Club 2, 3.

A kinder heart than Mary's  
A girl has never had,  
And there is never anything  
That makes our Mary mad.







ERIC WALLIN

Eric, never says a word,  
But little birds tell us,  
All the town is jealous,  
When Eric drives his Ford.

RUTH WILE

A girl so demure,  
For long will endure,  
And someday Ruth will sail the sea,  
With her sailor man to be.

"Ruthie"



JACK WINTERS

"Lanky"

Band 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association President 4;  
Basketball 2, 3, 4, Co-Captain 4; Baseball 2, 3,  
4; Play Cast 4; Class Treasurer 2, 3; Class  
President 4.

Jack is our star athlete,  
Whom no other can defeat,  
Basketball or baseball all the same  
It's always Jack, who wins the game.



THELMA WOODWARD

"Thel"

Thelma's smile, sweet and gracious dignity,  
charming manner and quiet ways have endeared  
her to all of us. Best of luck and happiness to  
you, Thelma.



PAUL ANTONIEWICZ

Class Vice-President 2.

Quiet as a little mouse,  
Hiding in a mow,  
But in spite of all his quiet ways  
Paul can milk a cow.

"Ante"

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

"Billie"

"Billie" left us for a while, but he knew his  
onions and came back to dear old E. B. H. S.,  
and there remained.

BERNICE FISHER

"Bunny"

Glee Club 2, 3; 4-H Club 2, 3.

Bunny believes in lots of exercise. She can be  
seen almost daily riding a bicycle or walking. We  
wonder where or what the great attraction is.

PATRICIA CARROLL

Basketball; Co-manager 4.

Where is she at?  
She's funny, she's lively, she's gay and vigorous;  
That's what Braintree had to give us,  
When they gave us—Pat.

"Pat"

JOHN PHILLIPS

"Johnnie"

Tennis 2; Basketball 4.

Johnny is a very quiet, shy, boy. Does he  
blush?—Often!!! And when playing basketball,  
he sure does keep the basket busy.

LAURENCE BOULDRY

"Larry"

Baseball Manager 4.

As a Lord he didn't survive,  
But perhaps he will strive,  
To keep in contact with a lass,  
He met in commercial arithmetic class.

ERNEST WATSON

"Sid"

"Sid" who can dispute,  
Is argumentative as well as cute,  
And when, walking, you need a ride,  
"Sid" will be there to oblige.

## CLASS HISTORY

## REMEMBER WHEN?

"Boy, but that water's cold!" cried Jack Winters as he dashed out of the water onto the warm beach in front of the Lindquist cottage.

"Sissy, you can't take it," called a voice as the slim dripping figure of Mary Kingman emerged from a dashing breaker.

"Well," drawled Soupie Campbell as he went up on the beach and sprawled out beside Jack, "it isn't exactly as warm as I like it!"

"You two fellows certainly are pansies, aren't you!" taunted Dot Lindquist as she, too, came shivering out of the briny deep.

"Come up on the beach, it's swell and warm!" yelled Jack in a muffled voice as he lay his head on his arms.

The two girls tramped up onto the beach and stretched out in the golden sunshine. All were silent for a moment as the group lay basking in the sun, when Soupie was heard to murmur, "I was just thinking about the good old days we spent in high school. Do you remember the first day we entered? Weren't we a scared bunch?"

Mary asked, as she rolled over, "Does anyone of you recall who our Sophomore officers were?"

"You kids ought to know," answered Dot, "Clayton Campbell was President, Paul Antonewicz — Vice-President, Jack Winters — Treasurer and Mary Kingman was Secretary."

"You were secretary every year, weren't you, Mary?" asked Jack as he turned over on his back.

"Do you remember the class constitution that we made under the very able guidance of Miss Sullivan?" recalled Sophie.

"You bet, and that same constitution certainly caused plenty of trouble in our Senior Year, remember?" exclaimed Jack.

"Are you referring to class dues?" laughed Dot. "We had about six members

when it came to voting according to the constitution."

They were all silent for a while when Mary burst out, "Gee! I can remember our very first social event. We certainly were proud of ourselves!"

"That party we gave to the incoming 'sophs' certainly went off grand," reminisced Jack.

Soupy started laughing and answered, "You bet; the thing I can remember the best was that swell punch Mr. Luddy made!"

"You would," giggled Dot. "Speaking of eating, let's go up to supper."

"O. K., I'll beat you all up!" yelled Soupy as four sparkling, brown bodies flashed up the beach.

Thirty minutes later two immaculately clad couples sat down to eat, chattering constantly about their old school days. Someone was heard to ask, "Remember what fun we had in our Junior year?"

"Yes, didn't we," returned Dot, "and I can remember the officers we elected, Raymond Anderson for President, Jimmy Hornstra — Vice-President, Jack Winters — Treasurer and Mary Kingman — Secretary."

"Let's see, we got our class rings in our Junior Year, didn't we?" asked Soupy as he reached for another steaming biscuit.

"Did we!" sputtered Dot over a glass of milk. "'Model number nineteen or nothing!' was the girl's motto."

"You didn't get it, did you?" teased Jack, "but you've got to admit the ones we got were certainly neat!"

"That was the year we had Mr. Moorehouse for class adviser, I think," said Mary, "because I can recall that he was taken sick and had to leave school for a long time."

"Righto!" answered Dot, "and we sent the book 'Casino' by S. S. Van Dine to him."

"So," said Jack with a grimace, "that's how he always knew what I was doing when I thought he didn't see me. Turning detective on us, I guess. He'll never get to be president that way!"

"Then," said Soup between bites of a piece of chocolate cake, "came the most important social event of our young lives—the Junior Prom!"

"We certainly thought we were big putting on a real honest to goodness dance of our own," remarked Mary.

"I can still see those green and white streamers draped from the walls," said Dot with a far away look in her eyes.

"And don't forget the cute little pink and white apple blossoms on the sides," reminded Mary.

"By all means," mimicked Soup, "don't forget the cute little pink and white apple blossoms! Honestly, I don't think I'll ever get over the riding we got about our \$39.60 orchestra whenever we entered Room 2."

"That certainly was one swell year, wasn't it," asked Jack, "but you girls go up and get your jackets on and come for a walk."

And as they all rose from the table Soup enthused, "Good idea Jack, good idea. I'd like a nice big ice cream cone!"

Walking up the beach a few minutes later as the waves dashed on the shore, while the salt air blew in their faces, one of the crowd said above the din, "Don't you think our best year in school was our Senior Year?"

"Gosh, yes, that was a swell year. We had Miss Andrews for class adviser and she made a peach of a one. Why, I can even remember our class officers. Jack was President, Jimmy Hornstra—Vice-President, Charlie Beals—Treasurer and Mary Kingman was Secretary," replied Soup.

"The Class Play, 'Adam and Eva,' went over with a bang," reminisced Mary. "Wasn't Wayne Jones swell as a 'poor sick daddy'?"

"Hey, Jack," called Soup, laughing, "remember at one rehearsal when Ernie Dewhurst wanted to know if he should have some samples of 'ladies' georgette undergarments' to sell?"

"And *how* they tried to make that rooster crow in the third act!" exclaimed Mary.

"After the excitement of Class Play died down, all you heard was 'Let's see your pictures' or 'Save me one of your pictures,'" said Jack, laughing.

"It was fun though, all the hustle and bustle, don't you think?" asked Dot. "They were the happiest days in my life."

No one spoke for a moment, the breakers were crashing against the shore, the wind was blowing, but high up in the heavens the moon shone with an ethereal light upon the two boys and girls.

"Then," said Mary in a hushed voice, "came the long awaited Commencement Week! What a happy and exciting week!"

"Yes, Mary, it was a happy and exciting week, but to me there was something sad about it all," remarked Dot.

"First came Baccalaureate Services at the Elmwood Church with a splendid sermon by Rev. Warren Goddard," supplied Soup.

"Remember how jittery we all were, when on June 17, 1936, our graduation night, we slowly walked down the aisle in front of our very proud parents?" asked Jack.

"Wasn't that reception swell," reminisced Soup, as he took another large bite out of his ice cream cone. "The girls looked neat in their white dresses against the background of the boys' dark suits."

"Then came the final event in our high school career—our class picnic! What a wonderful way to end it!" said Mary after a very eloquent pause.

"You know," said Dot, "that wonderful path of silvery moonlight on the water seems so suggestive of our high school life. We all start out together, but at the end we all separate like those tiny moonbeams!"

Phyllis Kingman,  
Mary Kingman.



## PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1936

### Leaves from Our Diary

**June 1, 1961**

This morning we received a letter from Miss Ruth Nute, who has finished her missionary work in India and is planning to return to the United States for a few years' vacation. She lands in Boston in two weeks and wishes to look up her classmates of '36.

And whom do you suppose she met while in India? Professor William Chamberlain of the Geographical Society, who was leading an expedition to the Himalaya Mountains. With him was the noted mountain climber, Bob Rollins.

**June 16**

Ruth arrived today! And will surprises never cease, whom should we see at the dock this morning but Charles Chemenian, dressed in the white uniform of a naval officer. Ruth told us that Miss Emily Marvill, a noted bacteriologist, and her secretary, Miss Bernice Fisher, were on the same boat. The customs officer, who inspected Ruth's baggage, was Winston Churchill.

This afternoon we decided to attend the dedication exercises for a new bridge which had been built over the Charles River by the Eric H. Wallin Construction Company. As we arrived, a band, directed by George Beals, was playing our national anthem. Soon a man arose from the platform and introduced the first speaker of the occasion, Mayor Clayton Campbell. The next speaker was Senator Raymond Anderson. After the exercises the mayor invited us to attend a formal dinner at his home.

We accepted the invitation and arrived at his home at eight thirty. Our table companions included: Mayor Campbell and his wife; Miss Geneva Pollard, secretary to the mayor; the well-known coach of West Point, Jack Winters; the United States Ambassador to France, Charles Beals; Doctor Wayne Jones, noted skin specialist, and the renowned aviatrix, Miss Mary

Usowicz. The mayor had engaged for the evening's entertainment two popular musicians, Miss Martha MacDonald, pianist, and Miss Phyllis Kingman, violinist.

Above all, Mary invited us to take a ride in her plane, "The Flying Horse," tomorrow. This plane was built by the Laurence Bouldry Airplane Manufacturers.

**June 17**

This morning we enjoyed our promised ride in Mary's plane. We were having a very good time until the engine started to sputter and we were forced to land. A short distance from our landing place we saw an artist before her easel. This was Miss Barbara Slattery.

The nearest telephone available, she told us, was at an exclusive school for girls. At the entrance to this school, we read on a bronze plaque:

"Stickney Junior College for Girls."

We met the dean, Miss Constance Stickney, at the door. During our chat with the dean she informed us that the director of physical education was Miss Patricia Carrol, and Miss Louise MacPherson was the home economics teacher. We spoke of the well kept grounds near the school and learned that the landscape gardener was John Phillips.

After telephoning the nearest airplane garage, the proprietor of which was Ernest Watson, we returned to "The Flying Horse." Very soon another plane landed near us and we were very much surprised to see the occupant of the plane rushing toward us. He was none other than Ernest Dewhurst, news reporter for a Boston paper, who, having heard about a plane which was thought to have crashed, came to inquire. A mechanic soon arrived and found that our only trouble was the lack of gas.

Back in town we had lunch in "The R. & S. Restaurant." Imagine our surprise when we read on a menu card:

"The R. & S. Restaurant"

Arlene Robichaud and Regina Saccocia  
Joint Proprietors

The proprietors told us that the R. and S. had been remodeled from an old farm-



house by Miss Dorothy Lindquist, noted interior decorator.

#### June 18

Today we visited the former Thelma Woodward, who is running a chicken farm with her husband. They have been doing a thriving business.

This afternoon we went to Harvard College where Daniel Curley is Professor of Mathematics. We also learned that Miss Rita Anderson is teaching languages in a near-by high school. Miss Virginia Smith is a telephone operator at the information desk in the Hotel Statler.

#### June 21

We went to "Flossie's Beauty Shoppe" this morning. It is run by Misses Florence Malaguti and Frances Drukenbrod. As we talked about old friends, they asked us if we would enjoy reading the latest copy of a Brockton newspaper, the editor of which is James Hornstra. The headlines read:

CHIEF PAUL ANTONIEWICZ —  
BROCKTON POLICE FORCE CAP-  
TURES PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1.

In the personal briefs of the East Bridgewater news we read the former Miss Ruth Wile is home from a trip around the world on the ship "Green Waves" captained by her husband.

#### June 22

We visited a large hospital outside of Boston this afternoon. We learned that Margaret Mandeville and her husband, a famous surgeon, were running the hospital. They told us that Miss Mary Kingman was superintendent of a children's hospital in New York and Miss Elizabeth Kingston was a surgical nurse of great fame.

Louise MacPherson,  
Margaret Mandeville,  
Virginia Smith,  
Prophets.



### CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1936, do declare this to be our last will and testament, and dispose of all our worldly goods and possessions in the following manner:

Raymond Anderson's honors to John Kingman. (Handle with care, Johnny.)

Rita Anderson's chatter in history class to Barbara Chandler.

Paul Antoniewicz's honors as champion gum chewer to Robert Ekberg.

Charles Beals' French books (not badly worn) to "Mac" MacDonald.

George Beals' shyness to Harold Sparling.

Laurence Bouldry's English accent (Lord Andrew) to Ronald MacNeil. (There's room for improvement, Ronny.)

Clayton Campbell's classy clothes to Jack DeChambeau.

Charles Chemenian's ability to get PEN ads to Mary Belyea.

William Chamberlain's seat in the bus to Harry Wyatt.

Winston Churchill's willingness to oblige to Allan Fuller.

Daniel Curley's tardy slips to Albert Geary.

Ernest Dewhurst's Milky Ways to Norman Bailey. (Five cents a piece, please.)

Frances Drukenbrod's friendship with Mary to Hazel Sturtevant and Angelina Morretti.

Bernice Fisher's lipstick to Virginia MacPherson.

James Hornstra's big smile to Joseph Amara.

Wayne Jones' permanent waves to Earl Blanchard.

Mary and Phyllis Kingman's sisterly affection to Rita and Virginia Boyle.

Elizabeth Kingston's dignity to Margaret Clark.

Dorothy Lindquist's first course (Soup) to Mary Falcinelli.

Martha MacDonald's musical ability to Doris Perrault.

Louise MacPherson's slim figure to Elizabeth Trafton.

Florence Malaguti's giggles and chatter to Helen Zilinski.

Margaret Mandeville's height to Norma MacNeil.

Emily Marvill's long walk to school to Leah Jarvis.

Ruth Nute's sense of humor to John Holmes.

John Phillip's blushes to Jack Chandler.

Geneva Pollard's soprano voice to Ellen Kennedy.

Arlene Robichaud's femininity to Helen Rittenburg.

Robert Rollins' bashful ways to Paul Turner. (Don't abuse them, Buttercup.)

Regina Saccoccia's dancing ability to Roberta Lindquist.

Virginia Smith's good nature to Theodora Hornstra.

Constance Stickney's part in the class play to Edna Annis.

Mary Usowicz's blonde waves to Dorothy Spencer.

Eric Wallin's trips to Plymouth to Earle Healey.

Thelma Woodward's shyness to Helen Russell.

Ernest Watson's home work to Emily Copeland. (There's lots of makeup, Emily.)

Jack Winter's athletic ability to Robert MacNamara.

Ruth Wile's diamond to Janet Norcross.

Patricia Carroll's boyish ways to Elizabeth Bosworth.

Barbara Slattery's way with the boys to Gladys Morton. (Give the others a chance.)

To Miss Sullivan we give our temperamental nature and special brilliance in French class.

To Miss Andrews we leave our tidy desks and clean ink wells.

To the Juniors we leave our Constitution. (Especially the dues item.)

To the Sophomores we leave all the things we didn't have: new gym, new auditorium, longer hours, company of Junior High pupils, and the Seniors' new home room, No. 206.

We, the Class of 1936, do hereunto set our signatures this first day of June, 1936.

Emily Marvill,  
Regina Saccoccia,  
Ruth Nute.

In the presence of witnesses,

Mary Gold,  
Sweet William,  
Holly Hock.

## LITERARY

### "PRIVATE" LIFE

Since another Memorial Day has just passed, it seems fitting that we have some reminder in our magazine of the hardships suffered by our soldiers in the World War. We have been able to obtain excerpts from letters written by a citizen of this town, well known for his wit. Reading these memoirs of Harold B. Hoyt may give the present generation, who were very small children at the time of the war, some idea of the patience and cheerfulness required of a good soldier.

"We had a surprise party tonight.

Everyone had two doughnuts. They were pretty good. This morning we had pancakes. You could stretch them a foot without breaking them. On top of that the syrup, which is about 75 per cent sorgum, gave out and when we went back for seconds we were out of luck. Last night we had prune pie and brought the crust home and used it for a dust pan. I think they got some fish glue in it instead of baking powder. Be patient, like Job, although he wasn't in the army of occupation."

In another letter he wrote:

"There is going to be some mail tonight and I'm pretty sure I'll get a letter, pos-

sibly my Christmas box. We can buy waffles across the street for two marks each. They are tough, just like leather. You can stretch them a yard before they rip. They have apple butter for sweetening. You see they haven't flour and I think they must use sawdust.

"Do you remember about the Irishman when someone asked him what struck him most while he was at the front? He said 'It wasn't what struck him, it was the bullets that came very near hitting him, that struck him most.' I never had one come close to me but I thought of that Irishman. I laugh a little, but don't think for a minute I wasn't scared to death.

"I will tell you about my worst day.

"I was in Ben Whitley's gang, about 12 men and a lieutenant. We had a big Garford truck loaded with wire. We drove up to Benny, a little town that was bombed almost every day. We run wire out on the ground from there, up a camouflaged road toward Xammes. It was all quiet until the Germans sent up a balloon and spotted our truck. At once we were the recipients of several good-sized shells. They made us spread out. We finally got the wires up to the lines. We knew we had to work fast and we got back to Xammes and piled into the truck and started back.

"We hadn't gone 50 feet when a big one exploded 50 yards from the truck. The old truck stopped quicker than ever before and Ben said, 'Let's go men.' We all beat it for a hole, because they kept coming close and fast. When you are at the front it's every man for himself.

"Another fellow and I ran into a colonel in a dugout and he said, 'Get the —— out of here. They will spot this place if you keep stringing in here.' So we moved to another place. We started back after a while, and Ben and Roberts, our driver, high-tailed it down the line for about two miles and we strung out one behind the other about 100 yards apart. The shells from our own batteries were making so much noise you could scarcely hear Fritzie's contributions at all. We got to the truck and landed at the place where

our grub was brought out. We were all out in the open eating dinner, when I'll be darned if three Boche planes didn't circle over our heads so close you could see one of the Dutchman's teeth had gold in them. They came all together too close for comfort. Two or three of our machine guns blazed away at them but did no damage. Finally our planes came sailing over and headed them off. In a case of this kind it was always nice to see our planes come up from the rear in battle formation. I have seen them go up, four planes get above the Boche, all dive toward him, and force him to the ground.

"After dinner we started out to work in a place supposed to be quiet. The first thing we knew we were right on top of a battery of 75's. The road was high and the guns were camouflaged on both sides in the ditches. All of a sudden a husky lieutenant popped out of the bushes and hollered:

"'Get that truck to H—— out of here. They are trying to locate these batteries.' We piled out and our chauffeur didn't need a second invitation to beat it out of sight. Just then this same lieutenant yelled, '2-4-5 fire twice.' Bang, bang, on both sides of the road and us on top. You could not talk to each other but we worked in front of those batteries all the afternoon. I always hated to work near the batteries because they are just what the enemy would shoot at. To make a long story short it was a bum site for a hospital for the nervous and unstrung, and that was the end of one 'perfect day.'

"Well it is about 4.30 and we chow at 5.00. One fellow has just blown in and said we are going to have roast beef and mashed potatoes and that sounds good."

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## THE AMERICAN GIRL

The perfect American girl is not the ornamental butterfly of society, as so many of us are inclined to believe. It is not enough to be wealthy or widely famed, for manners and regard for the rights of



others decide social rank and admit us to the highest circles of society. She is gentle, and well-dressed and graceful, not merely ornamental. She does some useful work, no matter what it is. She is patient always, and generous. She never speaks harshly to anyone; gentleness and reserve are the very keynotes of her manners. She is never haughty, never superior. Her friends are happy and at ease when in her company. Her personality is not marred by affectation. She is kind and courteous and conducts herself with calm grace that instinctively wins respect from everyone. However, she is self-reliant and not afraid to assert herself. Her speech and manner are characterized always by dignity, poise and self-confidence. In short, she knows the manners of good society and she does not hesitate to use them.

Edna Annis, Junior.

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### NIGHTFALL IN THE MAINE WOODS

The golden sun, slowly sinking out of sight behind the shadow like forms of the mountains that rise abruptly from the lake, paints everything in a gorgeous array of colors that linger for a while, then fade and slowly give way to darkness. The solemn stillness is broken by the rhythmic lap of water against the shore of the lake. In the distance a hoot owl is heard as he weirdly calls his mate. Small animals are heard scurrying hither and thither as they scamper to their burrows. The flickering light of the campfire throws grotesque shadows on the bushes and ground. Suddenly an eerie cry is heard piercing the stillness for miles around and sending shivers up and down one's spine. This is an unforgettable sound to all who have ever heard it, and to one who has never heard it before, the first thought is of the laugh of a demon or a madman. The call echoes from mountain to mountain and is soon lost in the ghostly silence of the night. This cry, the cry of the loon, is a sound that holds the listener spell-bound no matter how familiar it may be.

The fire flickers and dies, and you try to sleep, but the weird noises of the forest and the excitement makes sleep impossible.

Elmer J. Morton, Junior.

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### CONCERNING A GHOST

Dark and draughty halls, ivy-clad walls, and a grove of mighty oaks were the chief memories I had of my ancestral estate, which I had not visited since childhood. I happened to mention it one stormy night as my friends and I were assembled before the fireplace, enjoying its cheery blaze.

"I say," chirped Lord Ronald, my irrepressible chum, "it wouldn't be haunted, would it? I mean this manor of yours?"

I answered him affirmatively, saying that my old nurse had often charmed my childish imagination with the tale of the spirit which paid an annual midnight call. Ronnie was delighted; he begged to know the occasion of this visit, venturing that I might invite my classmates down for a few days to be introduced to the nocturnal intruder when the time came.

"If it is prompt, as I have been told it is, it should be in the portrait gallery at precisely twelve o'clock this coming Saturday," I replied.

The crowd pounced upon me joyously; without my assent it was decided that a party of us would motor down to Kent on Saturday.

Saturday turned out to be a dull, drizzly sort of day, admirably suited to ghosts, perhaps, but not to me. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm of my friends was not chilled, and we bundled into two old touring cars and made the five hour trip through a dense curtain of rain. Upon arriving we found the great rooms thick with dust and cobwebs. There were no modern improvements such as electricity, and so we ate our supper of sandwiches by candle-light. Ronnie was the only one whose spirits were not even slightly dampened.

It was almost twelve—concealed behind the rich hangings of the gallery, we waited breathlessly, our ears keenly tuned for any



ghostly sound. Suddenly a drapery on the opposite wall moved noiselessly; our blood chilled in our veins. Stealthily, from behind the antique velvet tapestry, crept a very old woman dressed in rusty black silk with a shawl of lace, yellowed with age, flung over her head. In her hand she bore a bouquet of Easter lilies. She stole with soundless tread down the gallery, and she stopped suddenly before the portrait of the man who had been Duke more than a century ago. She placed the lilies reverently in an old urn and crossed herself several times, while her lips moved as if in prayer, then she made her way back toward the curtain whence she came.

After our first fear, which was not at all slight, we realized she was too substantial-looking for a ghost, therefore, just as she lifted the drapery to depart, I accosted her:

"I say, old girl, do you make a habit of haunting antique houses?" She was greatly startled, and as she drew aside her shawl to see me more clearly, I recognized my old nurse.

"Master George!" she gasped, clutching her hand to her heart.

"Nanny!" I cried. "What are you doing here? Where are you living now? How do you happen to be in this vacant place at midnight?" I questioned incoherently.

She was living with her sister, she told me, as for the explanation of her presence in the manor, perhaps I had better quote her own words.

"Years ago," she said, pointing to the picture she had honored, "when *he* was Duke my mother was a maid servant here—oh! but she was fond of the master——. Well, one night, just before Easter, he and one of his companions were in the gallery looking at the pictures. They quarrelled. Why, no one knows. The master was killed at sword's point, before he could repent his sins or say his prayers. My mother saw him gasp out his life on the floor—he told her to pray for him every year on the

anniversary of his death. She promised faithfully to do so, and on her death bed made me promise to do the same. I can enter through the servants' door as I have the key, and there is a secret staircase from the kitchen to the gallery. I come every year at this time. If I don't he will surely haunt me—if he doesn't, my good mother will." Thus Nanny explained the "ghost."

Later my classmates declared to me that they had not been at all disappointed, and, as Lord Ronald so eloquently put it, "Gad, if she'd been a real ghost I should still be there with my hair standing on end with fear, I'm sure!"

Janet Thorndike, Junior.

## REVELATION

Won't you say, oh comrade, say  
What your dying lips do gasp  
As you lie upon the field,  
Your weary spirit in Death's clasp?  
Mourn you for a distant home,  
And the loved ones gathered there;  
For your mother's aching heart,  
For your sister's tearful pray'r?  
Or does your bright and feverish eye  
Some radiant revelation see?  
Do your torn and clotted lips  
Yearn to utter prophecy?

*God!—  
I hear a shell's wild scream!  
Listen, pal,  
I'm done for, too!*

Did I ask what *you* see,  
What *your* convulsed lips try to tell?—  
It is hate and future war;  
It is earthly, living Hell!  
Gracious God, of greatest might,  
Put an end to thirst for gain,  
To the greed for gold and power  
To the cause of mortal pain.  
Saviour, put in human hearts  
Only love for fellow-men,  
The desire to help and heal,  
Not to massacre again.

Janet Thorndike, Junior.

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## SCHOOL NEWS

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### BAND NEWS

The concert given by the band, May 7, to defray the expenses of the trips to the Musical Festivals, was an outstanding success. The band was supported by the International College Girls' Glee Club of Springfield under the supervision of Mr. Charles Woodbury. Mr. Woodbury came here with the Glee Club as a sign of appreciation for work done by Mr. Churchill, when the All New England band was in Springfield. We all hope he will return soon. At this concert the band members appeared for the first time resplendent in their new uniforms of blue and gold.

On Thursday, May 21, the band played for the Health Day program at the Allen School, marching from the High School under the escort of Chief of Police Everett Russell. The band and school appreciate very much the help Chief Russell has been to them.

The band participated in the Massachusetts State Music Festival in Haverhill on May 15, and received a superior rating of 98 points out of a possible 100.

The band left for the New England Music Festival in Portland, Maine, Friday, May 22. Arriving in Portland at 2.00 o'clock they were photographed and had the distinction of having their picture in the Portland News. At 3.15 they played the selected and required numbers for the judge, Walter Smith of Boston. In the

evening a grand concert was given in the Portland City Hall Auditorium before an audience of over 2,500. Our band received a very cordial welcome when they appeared on the stage and spontaneous applause followed their last note. They received a rating of 87 points and were topped only by a band from Connecticut with 88 points.

David Norcross, one of our trombonists, received the highest rating in the soloists' contest. The judge later told Mr. Churchill that it was a truly remarkable performance.

Priscilla Hopkins, Sophomore.

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### ALUMNI NEWS

Miss Lillian Feeney is working in Washington, D. C.

Miss Myrtle Cannon is head cook in a Brockton bakery.

Miss Barbara Thacher, 1934, a freshman at Jackson College, Department for Women at Tufts College, has been pledged to the Chi Alpha Chapter of the National sorority Chi Omega. Miss Thacher is a member of the Jackson All-Around Club and was on the varsity basketball squad.

Bradford Waterman, 1935, has completed his first year at Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Virginia MacPherson, Sophomore.



## JOKES

Miss Sullivan in Latin III and IV:  
"What is a satire?"

Chandler: "Isn't it a precious stone?"

Miss Sullivan: "What do you consider  
the greatest accomplishment of the  
Romans?"

Sparling: "Speaking Latin."

Mr. Luddy in English III-A: "MacDon-  
ald, are you eating candy or chewing  
gum?"

MacDonald: "Neither, I'm soaking a  
prune to eat at recess."

Teacher: "Who can use the word con-  
geal in a sentence?"

Voice from the rear: "Jack 'congeal'  
went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water."

Joke Editor: "Emily, know any good  
jokes?"

Emily Marvill: "Sure, 'Tish'."

Joke Editor: "Oh, you——!"

Emily Marvill: "No—not me."

One guest to another: "Little Mary  
Jane isn't very p-r-e-t-t-y."

Little Mary Jane: "No, but she's pretty  
s-m-a-r-t!"

Ham was looking very forlorn.

Shem: "What's eating you?"

Ham: "I was thinking—with all the  
world to fish in—we've only got two fish-  
worms on board!"

A little man about six feet eight inches  
tall applied for a job as a life-guard.

Official: "Can you swim?"

Little Man: "No, but I can wade."

Miss Sullivan in French II: "What other  
animals wear muzzles?"

Barbara Chandler, cheerfully: "Ele-  
phants."

Rita Anderson: "My French girl's name  
is Simone."

Miss Sullivan: "Oh, Simon used to be  
my nick-name."

Rita: "Simple Simon?"

Daughter of the first movie star: "How  
do you like your new father?"

Daughter of second movie star: "Oh,  
he's very nice."

Daughter of first movie star: "Yes, isn't  
he? We had him last year!"

## OUR SENIORS

Handsomest Boy.....	Clayton Campbell
Most Beautiful Girl .....	Regina Saccoccia
Most Sophisticated .....	Rita Anderson
Class Clarke Gable .....	Ernest Dewhurst
Class Songstress .....	Geneva Pollard
Shortest Boy .....	Jack Winters
Shortest Girl .....	Mary Usowicz
Tallest Girl .....	Barbara Slattery
Tallest Boy .....	Winston Churchill
Class Shiek .....	Laurence Bouldry
Most Intelligent .....	Daniel Curley
Fred Astaire .....	Wayne Jones
Greta Garbo .....	Thelma Woodward
Most Serious Girl .....	Ruth Wile
Most Flirtatious Girl .....	Ruth Nute
Most Flirtatious Boy .....	George Beals
Most Studious Girl .....	Florence Malaguti
Most Studious Boy .....	Ernest Watson
Best Dressed Girl .....	Arlene Robichaud
Best Dressed Boy .....	James Hornstra
Most Carefree Boy .....	Charles Beals
Most Carefree Girl .....	Patricia Carroll
Most Ambitious Girl .....	Margaret Mandeville
Most Ambitious Boy .....	Eric Wallin
Best Musician .....	Martha MacDonald
Most Musical Boy .....	William Chamberlain
Our Blushing Boy .....	John Phillips
Our Blushing Girl .....	Emily Marvill
Class Pest .....	Paul Antoniewicz
Class Chauffeur .....	Charles Chemenian
Most Innocent Boy .....	Raymond Anderson
Most Innocent Girl .....	Virginia Smith
Best Lover .....	Robert Rollins
Our Mary, Mary Quite Contrary .....	Mary Usowicz
Quietest Girl .....	Frances Drukenbrod
Our Modest Girl .....	Bernice Fisher
Best Dancer .....	Dorothy Lindquist
Most Conscientious .....	Elizabeth Kingston
Girls' Gift to the Boys .....	Phyllis Kingman
Perfect Secretary .....	Mary Kingman
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